

To Ansel Adams

JOHN SIBLEY WILLIAMS

It could have been
color
if mountains and dreams
 balanced evenly
in even a single eye.

 But you are distance
tearing itself apart,
 refining,
restoring something
 of original hierarchy,
something of intuitive
 shadow-vision.

In this captured tree's beginning
 your shadow
and the world
 and the light
passing through it—
 angled by branches
to appear as absence.